MANES PRESBYTERIANI:

OR THE

MONUMENTS

OF THE

KIRK.

THE

COVENANTS CONFESSION.

ARGYLE's RELIQUES.

Guthrey and *Giffan's* PASSIONS.

AND

Gillespy's RECANTATION.

All compiled and laid together.

Ducitur iratis plaudendum *Funus Amicis.* Juv.
Sic erit Æternum Pontiliane Vale. Mar.

London, Printed for the Reverend *Classes*, in the year 1661.

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Dominus Vobiscum Pontificum Fratrum Adamicum. Juv.
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London, Printed for the Reverend Clifford, in the year 1661.

To the READER.

WHo can now deny, but that there is a Jus Divinum *stampt upon Presbytery, when we have seen such signal Vindiciæ of it in the Fate and Death of the most Eminent and stoutest Assertors of it? We will therefore give it leave to take precedency of any Schisme of which Blood was never yet drawn. But whether* Sanguis Draconis *or* Sanguis Ecclesiæ Scoticæ *be the better Drug, and which will grow fastest, we leave to* Dr. Trig *and* Time.

We have made a Confection or Miscellany out of it at a Venture, and compounded the bitter Ingredients of its Death, and prescribe them you in a Dose of Mirth.

The first place, as that which operated most, we give deservedly to the Covenant, of a Griping purging quality; most of the Town complain of its

its Physick, with groanings and strainings; and they say it never work'd kindly since the Time that Alderman Atkins *bewrayed the* Militia, *for now it works upwardly in vomits altogether: It is lately torn up by the roots, and hath fetcht such deep sighes, as a Mandrake at its Revulsion; a relation whereof you have in the next pages.*

The next Place the Marquesse of Arguile *challengeth; this was a Great Doctor and administerer of the Covenant; we present him to you like a Mountebank on his Scaffold, where he uttered a whole promptuary of Kirk venome & readily swallowed it, wherefore we have next sent this Zany with an Antidote after him.*

If you say 'tis too late, we can assure you from the mouth of a Presbyterian Patriarch; that Death hath no power over a Covenanter, no more then one Gasp can kill a Cat.

Room for St. Guthrey, *a name conformable and consonant to the Legend, the precise moderns will make miracles of him, and save us the labour to tell you how he was hanged.*

As for Giffan *he was but his* Sancho Panca; *his*

his ſtory is bound up in this Quixots; *and ſo they go together.*

The other Appendix of Gilleſpy, *(being like to beare a great influence on theſe worſt and laſt Times of Presbytery, wherein Scandals and Offences are like to be given by revolts and deſertions,) we have ſubjoyned by way of Parallel betwixt the caſe of him and* Mr. Jenkins, *it being like to be of exceeding uſe to the unſtable remnant of giddy Zealots.*

Theſe are the onely Remains of Presbytery, and it cannot but Comfort your Hearts to hear ſuch a Word. Root *and* Branch *of it are hewen down, and in the dead Trunks of theſe* Furioſo's, *it lies ſtill and quiet, and though you laugh never ſo loud at it, it will never wake and baul again. If there be any whiffling curs that grin and ſnarle (ſuch of whom it may be ſaid,*----Non quies, non tumultus, quale magni metus, vel magnæ iræ ſilentium eſt,) *they know what Hawks-meat is, at leaſt the worming iron of Pulpit ſilence will ſurely cure them.*

To

To the Honest and Loyall be this a Gratulation, for the Ultion and Revenge the Lawes and these Happy Times have taken on that Accursed Thing, and so let it go.

FAREVVELL.

Hominem *Malignum* forsan esse tu credas
Ego esse *Miserum* credo cui Placet Nemo.

The Groanes and laſt Breathings of

THE

COVENANT

TO

Its DEAR PARENT

PRESBYTERY.

MY *Lamp* is almoſt ſpent, and nothing but a ſtinking ſnuff left to light me to Aſhes; I am all over ſeiſed with a ſudden Epilepſie, Death is upon me, O ſpeedily call hither ſome Presbyter.

Presb. Dear Child, thou ſhall lack nothing, that lies within the power of Art to preſerve thee. I am here at hand.

Cov. O ſick, ſick. I have not one ſound Article in my whole Frame and Conſtitution; the whole ſyſteme of Diſeaſes lodge within me. 'Tis *Promethean* Fire conſumes me, that which threw plagues, and

all ſorts of death throughout the world, when the Author had boldly invaded Heaven, and pretended it was a Doſe of Reformation and Cure from thence.

Presb. Do not rave dear child, this is a ſad diſtemper I muſt confeſſe, where does the pain lye moſt?

Cov. Oh it lies all over, but moſt eſpecially and grievouſly in my *HEAD*.

Presb. I imagined ſo, that makes you talk ſo lightly.

Cov. No Mother, 'tis Heavily, O my *Head*, my *Head*; I know not what to do with it, I would I were fairly rid on't. Certainly Mother you can tell me a way how to be without it, 'twas a præternatural (if not monſtrous) excreſcency you begot and brought me forth with, I have been troubled with it from the day of my birth to this inſtant, I had ſome eaſe for a while by the bleeding me in the jugular veine, but another Head repullulated, and my pains increaſed.

Presb. Dear Child, you muſt know, that you were begot in the night of Confuſion, when another *Chaos* was inverting the Order and Courſe of Things; the Head was not intended to be the cheif member, but ſubordinate to the ſhoulders of Presbytery, which came into the world with its *heels* forward: and accordingly, though the Head reſiſted, we maintained our Authority, and laid that aſide as uſeleſſe and dangerous. Good Child be Comforted, this is but another buſtle, your appetite is not ſo fierce, nor your ſtomach ſo dogged as before, and fumes riſe up and trouble you.

Cov. There is no Fume without Fire; but I muſt con-

confeſſe my digeſtion is vicious, and I cannot ſwallow as well as I did formerly, I am ſubject to vomit, and up come my Biſhops, Deans, and Chapters Lands in whole Mannors and Houſes: I have ſtill a ſickiſh longing after thoſe dainties, but they will not ſtay with me, and therefore I can impute my languiſhing not to any thing within me, but to this troubleſome Head, whoſe guſt and Palate will not reliſh thoſe ſweet meats, nor let them down into my Abyſſe of Sacriledge.

Presb. I know not what to do, He'l take no *Scotch* Phyſick any more, beſides what's good for you is nought for him, and we want power to ſever you, you muſt endure it as the caſe ſtands.

Cov. Is that all the Comfort you afford me? well, I ſhall not endure it long then. Oh, now another fainting fit, a *Jenkiniſh* Qualme is upon me, O for a dram of Parliament mercy!

Presb. What think you of a Cordial of *London* gold?

Cov. I have drunk it all up already, I have left but a *ſcruple* or 2 in ſome mens Conſciences, and they will never part with or be rid of it, beſides it would come too late, ſome warm cloaths preſently, I cannot continue.

Presb. What ſhall I do for my dear child, I'le wrap thee up ſoftly, and pray try if you can ſlumber a while.

Cov. What good will that do me? *Oliver* laid me in a ſound ſleep for ſeven years together, as long as the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendome; but when I

wak't, I was as mad as them, raved worſe then ever; then, I had a ſhort nap when the the Rump awoke laſt, and when I ſtarted out of that, I was in ſuch a maze with my riſing glories, meer Dreams and Phantaſms, as I became Phrantick, and have Continued ſo ever ſince.

Presb. I, dear Child, we thought then to have eſpouſed thee, and wedded the Kings intereſt to thine, to which purpoſe, we new apparell'd thee, reprinted thee, and thou thy ſelf wert read in the Church inſtead of the Baines; thy ſweet picture placed by his Majeſties *Arms* in ſign of *Embracing*, How did I then rejoyce, with the *Comædian? Omnes omnes bona dicere, & laudare fortunam meam, quæ Filiam haberem tali Forma & ingenio præditam!* but now thy beauty is withered, and thou lookeſt like an ore-ridden whore, and I like a careful undone Baud, a *Shrove-Tueſday* Baud.

Cov. Mother now you rave, pray lay your Head upon ſweet Mr. *Croftons* Cuſhion, that and a little white Ellebore will ſpeedily cure you: Oh me, oh me, what ſtrange Convulſion do I ſuffer, now my under parts begin to torment me

Presb. Inded Child I muſt confeſs, that Cardinal *Richlieu* had your maiden-head, when you were tender, and it may be he left you the *French* kindneſs; I did as a Bawd ſhould do, I withſtood not my Market.

Cov. Did he never ſtand in the ſtool of repentance?

Presb. No Daughter, he left that for you and me.

Cov. Well what ever it is, it afflicts me moſt acutely, when ſhall I be eaſed of theſe pains; from top to toe,

toe, nothing but griefs and malanders! certainly I have been the proſtitute of every intereſt, for I have a whole Hoſpital of Aches about me.

Presb. As I ſaid before you have been over-ridden, but I never made but 2 bargains of you, that was with the Cardinal, and Mr. *Pym:* ſince that time *Oliver* with his Sectaries, like boiſterous Hectors made what uſe they would of you, without contenting me for their pleaſure, and you took it all in good part.

Cov. What ſhould I poor thing doe! I was made of ſuch a Compliant temper, that I could ſerve any mans luſt any deſigne againſt Church and State; to day I wore this Fucus, to morrow that dreſſe, then another paint, I pleas'd all parties, what mode they liked for their Turn that I was in; the ſhy cloſe Independant, the debaucht Atheiſt, made much of me, till I began to grow out of date, and then my Lovers forſook me, and ſaid I was a diſſembling paltry baggage; ſo I was forc'd to pack up my moveables, & with the ſpoils I had got march after my Comrade *Blew-caps* under *Leſbley* back aga n to my nawn Country of *Scotland.* There I continued a good while in ſome outward eſteeme, but that did me no good, I had no profit by it; then as I ſaid I was lullaby'd by *Cromwell* there for a long time, afterwards I dreamt I came to *England* again with General *Monk*, but it was but a Dream.

Presb. I ſtaid here in *England* and truckt under the Sects my very ill neighbours on one ſide, and the *Royaliſts* on the other, they made me live a rigid mor-

mortified life, ſtill expecting of you; but when the General came hither as you ſay, I dreamt we met him and you together my dear Child, but he left you behind him, though he promiſed to ſend for you with all ſpeed, but no ſuch matter.

Cov. I am ſick of the dangerouſeſt diſeaſe, a relapſe; I have gone to and fro backward and forward ſo many times, and now at laſt I am quite tyred. I ſink and fall, and it will be the greater by reaſon of my advanced hopes in the beginnings of the laſt change. I was clearly on the Devils pinacle, had a proſpect of Three Kingdomes and no more. O lament Mother my ſore and grievous Fall.

Presb. From that height I broke my neck, I have been up and down in the world, like a Meteor in the Ayre, and like a wandring fire end in a blaze.

Cov. Thats my Comet Fate.

Presb. Mine is involved in yours Child, the ſoul of Presbytery is the Covenant, that's the *ratio Formalis* of our Kirk, Synods, Elders. Thou art my Daughter as *Pallas* was to *Jupiter*, when my brains akt with miſcheif, Out thou cameſt from thence, with plots and deſignes, ready armed, as ſhe with wiſdome; I could have done nothing without thy help, thou wert the Excellency of my ſtrength; and muſt I now be robb'd of thee? I ſee all Superlative births are ſhort lived: I may cry out with my dear child *Guthrey*, *Ichabod*, *Ichabod*.

Cov. Nay I depart (or rather am ſnatcht) from you, with all the inglorious circumcumſtances that could ſet me out; O burſt your hearts with ſorrow, my

my dear friends, rid your ſelves out of the way, any way, rather then endure the Triumphs and inſultings of your Enemies.

Presb. My Neck is broke already I told you, my head lops like a gibleted Gooſe, and I droop and diſconſolately mourn, while the wicked taunt and ſay, thou haſt the number of the Beaſt inſcribed on thee, being *666*.

Cov. That's three times over, ſick, ſick, ſick, I am quite ſpent.

Presb. I am ſure when thou wert young and pretty thou hadſt dainty lineaments and features, not a line was drawn in thee but had ſuch a ſtrain of zeal and religion, that to the devout Puritan, and to others not ſo curiouſly nice or deep ſighted, thou ſeemedſt an Angel: now they make a Beaſt of you indeed, a burnt offering as they term it, making me the Idol to which it is ſacrificed.

Cov. I have endured as much perſecution almoſt as I cauſed, if bitter words could weigh with money; pray Mother do you perſecute me no longer at ſecond hand, let me be quiet.

Presb. How can I do ſo? I have no Authority, Antiquity, Fathers, or Councils to alledge for me; I muſt make a noiſe with ſomething that's equivalent. I ſilenced almoſt all the Orthodox Miniſters in *England* with but citing you, no body durſt diſpute you, you were inviolable.

Cov. Yes, yes the *Oxford* reaſons hit me in the Heele, that wound was incurable, you never knew how to heal it to this day; I went limping ever ſince, and

and ever ſince my Parliaments Crutches failed me, have been fain to ſet ſtill, no body being willing or able to reply.

Presb. Yes, yes they were ſufficiently refuted, the reaſoners were all turned out, and I ſat in *Cuerpo* there, and ſee the ſneaking Conformiſts *baiſer voſtres Mains* and adore you.

Cov. Thoſe compliances or ſubmiſſions were like the late Addreſſes; and the repute and Honour I had by them, was as much as the uſurpers got by thoſe; but trouble me not now dying and expiring with ſuch vain things.

Presb. Well I muſt and am bound to keep you, however I will now let you alone.

Cov. I am troubled at one thing, I am afraid I ſhall be ſerved like the Butcher, I ſhall be alive when I am buried, the faction and ſedition I cauſed in the minds of men will not ſo ſoon be deaded, and I ſhall revive in the dark vaults of plots and contrivances againſt Monarchy, though the more ſtirre they keep, the more they will bruiſe themſelves, and the more gaſtly Spectacles, and ſtinking ſights will they lie.

Presb. Pray do not trouble your Head with theſe things; you will very much weaken your ſelf.

Cov. Nay I ſhall never be well or at Eaſe, pray let me ſpeak my mind freely, you had the conceiving of me or licking me into what faſhion of words you pleaſed, and now let me utter my ſelf (according to your injunction, when people ſwallowed me) without any mental reſervation or evaſion whatſoever.

Presb. Good Daughter forbear, it will much accele-

rate

rate your End, and do not foul your neſt; I have been at a great deal of care and trouble of bringing you up, and do not ſo ill requite me.

Cov. You'l have the happineſs, which better folks have wiſht for, to ſee me fairly buried before you. 'Tis not I requite you unkindly: is it not the general Gallows complaine, I may thank my friends for this? I have the ſcandal and the injury.

Presb. Well, I am not long lived, but do not you ſhorten my dayes with ſuch undutiful Expreſſions, will you lay all the Fault upon me?

Cov. Alas I can never expiate them my ſelf, you know better how to defend your Enormous Actions your ſelf; have you not the magick to raiſe another *Smectymnuus*?

Presb. No Child, I am paſt diſputing, my beſt Argument was the two edged Dilemma of the ſword, Biſhops are Biſhops again, now the armed rage and madneſſe of my poſſeſſed multitudes is quelled; otherwiſe I would have buried thee in a military poſture, as I have brought thee up, and the whole Nation ſhould again be in Armes for thee.

Covenant. I, and ſucha deplorable war begin again, if (Fury as you are) you could any way contrive it.

Presb. See then with what conſtant Affection I proſecute your beloved intereſt.

Cov. Well pray you ceaſe from any further Conſpiracies, I like my end better then my beginning, I am reſolved to unravel all.

Presb. Pray Daughter forbear.

Cov. I muſt diſcharge my ſelf, I was white paper, wherein you might have as well written Allegiance as Rebellion. I deteſt my name, and my Parents baſeneſs, what am I obliged to you, but for an ill fame throughout the Univerſe? you have ſatisfied your ſelf in the illegitimate generation of me, and then Expoſe me to the ſhame of the world, to be branded to poſterity; but lo, this Declaration of mine ſhall acquit me, and leave the guilt of all (Good *Beldam*) upon you, in this my laſt Speech and Confeſſion.

The

THE

SPEECH and CONFESSION

OF

The Covenant,

At its Burning by the

EXECUTIONER.

I Come hither to ſuffer by the general Conſent and Vote of Both Houſes; I am utterly a ſtranger to their Legiſlative power: I will not queſtion their Authority, they that had power to give life and being, have doubtleſs the ſame to condemn and annihilate. Howere I thank them they have ſent me to a Death worthy of my Parentage, 'tis *Roman* like to be burned; and 'tis ſuitable alſo to my crimes; Paricide and Witchery are puniſhable thus by our Lawes, and beſides I have *Northern* chilneſſe and coldneſs enough to endure it.

I ſhall not ſpeak much here, too much hath already been ſaid for, and againſt me; would this bright flame were the darkeſt Cloud of Oblivion, that ere covered foul guiltineſſe, or that I might expire in a *DARK LANTHORNE.*

But I know you expect I ſhould ſay ſomething of my Religion, truly I ſhall I fear very much diſappoint you therein, I have not had time enough to be ſetled in it, nor have I any foundation whereon to bottom it. The *Roman Catholicks* have the Popes Infallibility; The Proteſtants the 39. Articles, the higheſt I can derive my ſelf from, is from a provincial Synod, and they have made me a Religion of my ſelf, made up like the *Habacuc*, of *Paganiſme*, *Scotti-Schiſme*, and ſome Chriſtianity, and at the beſt but like *Olivers* Inſtrument, or *Hurry Martins* Deſcant on the *Rumps* Act of *Oblivion*, which pretended to SAVE all at the beginning, but ſome in the middle, and none at all in the Concluſion, as wofully appears this day.

I know there is a claim laid by my faction to the *Geneva* Diſcipline and Doctrine, I profeſſe I do not own it. Our Presbytery and that is very different, they had no Kings to make experiments on, or to try Juriſdiction and Power with; ours is a Tyrannical Presbytery, theirs a more ſober Political Church Government; we are but a ranting Schiſm from them: and therefore dying I ſpeak it, I do not arrogate to my ſelfe their (though not juſtified, or ſo much as approved) Religion.

For the Cauſe of my Death, I can here aſſign many.

The firſt is Natural —— *Nullum violentum eſt perpetuum*, Nothing can be permanent that is violent, my fury ſoon waſted and conſumed thoſe ſpirits which might have protracted and prolonged my Fate; no abatement, no reſpiration allowed in my haſt to the ruin of Three Kingdomes, till I had outrun my ſelf and the Conſtable: though the ingenious juſtice of that Gentleman, who would have me whipt from Tything man to Tything man, till I came to the place of my Birth, would have delivered me into his hands.

The ſecond is Divine. I was firſt ſhown to the World as a Copy of Gods will to be done and obeyed in the new Ordering of the World; I was ſtyled the ſecond Covenant of Grace. A Ray of the Divinity; what not? whereas another *Heroſtratus* was my parent. I frighted the firſt light that looked on me, till I had driven it into a Gloomy diſmal Night, that overcaſt three Kingdomes; and is it not juſt with Heaven, I ſhould expiate thoſe falſe Fires, and that imprecation be heard on me, Let fire come down from Heaven and conſume me?

The third, is Political. Laws and Government have made an univerſal League between Mankind, other compacts are but incloſures of the peaceably enjoyed Common: what a Deluge of Blood did the French Catholick League draw from that Kingdom, that it might have been ſaid to have been a *League with Death*, wherever was any potent Rebellion maintained

tained without ſome ſuch Confederation? And the Evils I have done, and the miſery I have been the cauſe of, are little leſſe then the moſt prevailing of them can boaſt of. 'Tis both ſecurity and ſatisfaction therefore to the Laws, and eſtabliſhed Magiſtracy, ſolemnly to extinguiſh theſe Flames of Sedition by their Juſtice in lighting me.

Other Extrinſical cauſes there were, but being but ſubſervient to theſe I ſhall paſſe them, leſt I touch upon ſome jarring Strings, in the late Revolution.

For this Death I forgive all the World, though I expect not to be forgiven. I ſhall leave ſuch a deep impreſſion in the Ruines of many Families, that it will exceed their Charity, or Times oblivion to blot it out. I am not able to make Reſtitution, The Crown and the Mitre will be I hope content with the Reverſions: Private men muſt lick the Diſhes.

I carry nothing out of the World with me, and yet muſt leave ſomething behind me. A ſtinking name to poſterity.

That juſtice that condemned me to this puniſhment, might have been pleaſed to order a bonefire of all the Presbyterian Books, printed from the beginning of the Troubles, and its firſt origine, for the Bookſellers could have afforded them for waſt paper; but ſince they ſaw it not good, I am content with this ſmall *rogus*.

I leave all my proſelytes and adherers in a ſad plight. I owe much to them for their ardent affection to me; but they have a recompence in their boſome,

ſome, in their very conſcience, and therefore I am not very ſolicitous for them. If they will ſtill pine and murmur at my uſage, and do as Children for a play thing or bawble, let the Fools even do ſo.

I ſhall not trouble you much longer, Mr. Executioner, (I have been better attended formerly) I ſee none but Boys and Prentices (as malicious Perſecutors of me, as once of Dr. *Lamb*) whom I cheated of their Holydayes, and therefore I muſt addreſſe my ſelf to them. Beware I adviſe you of keeping your Indentures, thats a ſort of Covenant, which taken and obſerved in the ſtrict rigid ſenſe, will cauſe much Tribulation to you. You cannot but obſerve how your Maſters are afflicted by me, though taken voluntarily by them; pray therefore reſtrain not any Liberty you can give your ſelves; vow and promiſe any thing to a Girl, but beware of Covenants and Contracts, as long as you can be your Maſters Oxiliaries.

One word more to the Publick Faith men, I warn them not to truſt to any ſolemn Juramental Engagement, 'tis all one as to credit a Damme Cavalier; It was clearly putting of their money to *Intereſt*, or the lottery of the *Holy Cheat*, when they advanced ſuch wonderful ſums for my *Account*. Nothing was ever leſſe meant in this my whole conſcientious buſineſſe then repayment, and with this I ſhould wiſh them to be ſatisfied.

I have juſt done, for I have no prayers to ſay, the Spirit fails me, this is an *Extempore* puniſhment; I doubt not of nor need I to ask your Curſes, I believe you are all ready to mount me upwards —Executioner ſtay while I give the ſign. *Dun.*

Dun. I have ſtayed long enough already, I never got any of you within my Clutches, I take you for a good handſell; h'a done now.

Cov. So I will, let me ſay theſe words firſt, *Dubium vixi, anxium morior, neſcio quo vadam.*

Dun. You Conjure; The ſigne?

Cov. When the Presbyterians hold up their right hand again to the moſt High——, *&c.* Executioner do your Office.

The

The Marqueſs of ARGYLES Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT.

IN the Name of *Smectymnnus* and *Hocus Pocus*, ſo be it; I *Archibald* Marqueſſe of *Argyle*, the Devils Viceroy in the *Highlands*, and the moſt Sacred *Covenants Protomartyr* in the Low, now a Priſoner in the *Toll Booth* at *Edingborough*; calling to my mind, that my prefixed bargained terme of years is even expired, and knowing that *all the Town cann't* ſave *me*: Having recollected all my unparalleld Rebellions, Treaſons, Murders, Rapine, Plunderings, Witchcraft, Perjury, Covetouſneſs and Sacriledge; for which I do expect to receive good Wages at the Hands of my Maſter, do make and Ordain this my laſt Will and Teſtament in manner and form following.

Firſt, becauſe it is of Form to begin ſo, I believe with *Pythagoras* that Souls do tranſmigrate, I my ſelf

being that very *Matchiavil* that lived in *Florence* ſome Two hundred years ſince; and therefore I will, that mine do forthwith after my Diſſolution paſs into one of his Wild-ſoule, thence into a *Soland* Gooſe, thence into a *Scotch* Pedlar, thence into a Man whom *Lilly* by the Stars prognoſticated (ſome ages to come) to be made a Notorious Cuckold, ſo that by that means, it may be be ſure at laſt to come to Heaven.

Secondly, for my Body (ſince the Parliament ſo deteſt that horrid Babariſme committed on the Marqueſſe of *Montroſe*, that they think it not fit to retaliate it upon me the prime Author thereof) it being at my own diſpoſal, I requeſt my Executors hereafter named, to ſee it ſolemnly interred with the *ſpels* of the Directory, and laid ſo ſhallow, that at the next Trump of Sedition, it may by the ſame raiſe-Devil Directory be conjured up again, and meet my exalted Head, that Bound mark of Presbytery, its *ne plus Ultra, Hitherto ſhall you go and no further*: But I forbid then any ſuch ſuperſtitious proceſſion, as to my ſcandal and great offence of the Brethren, was uſed to the gathered reliques of that late loyal Martyr.

As for my worldly Goods and Eſtate with which the Covenant that Goddeſs *Diana* hath bleſt me, I ſay to't *Preſto Jupiter*, lightly come, lightly go, the wicked Cavaleirs will divide the ſpoile; what was got by oppreſſion, will be booned way by the Kings liberality, had mine been a *mean* fortune, it had not probably met with ſuch Extremes. Nevertheleſs my dear Brethren in affliction, I have alſo a Portion for you,

you; as I had Time and Opportunity of getting, ſo I had the wiſdome of hiding and concealing, and what I thus preſerved, I give and bequeath in manner following.

Inprimis, for that great Reverence and Religion I owe to the ſolemn League and Covenant, I give a Thouſand pounds to the Paſtors and Miniſters of the Church of *Geneva* towards the Erecting a Shrine or building a Sanctuary for the Covenant, now perſecuted and driven out of theſe three Kingdomes; whoſe ſacred aſhes (if they can be found) I will alſo to be there depoſited in a golden Urne to be provided at the charge of my Executors. Streightly requiring that no Tapors, Lamps, Torches, Links, or other lights, be uſed neer the ſaid ſhrine or in the ſaid Sanctuary, it being Popiſh, Hæretical and impious, and moſt abhominable. And I do hereby lovingly requeſt the ſaid Church (ſince our Kirk hath loſt its Keyes) immediately to excommunicate the *London* Hangman, and all other perſons whatſoever who have had any hand in burning, or otherwiſe profaning that moſt Holy Thing.

Item, I give 2000 *l.* more for founding a Colledge or Fraternity there, to be Chriſtned by the name of the Society of the Covenant, and for founding a Covenant Reader in that Univerſity; hoping that well diſpoſed Presby[illegible] ſo adde to this foundation, that in a ſhort [illegible] may rival for villany with that of the Jeſuiſts.

Item, whereas the ſad caſe of Dr. *Burges* hath mightily affected the tender bowels of the Siſters,

who complain there is not a ſtone by a ſtone of all his late Purchaſes, particularly the great loſs he hath had by the fire of the Covenant in his Deanery of Wells, to his utter undoing, and for which he is never likely to have a Breif; I bequeath to him the ſum of Five hundred pounds, it being a good competency to keep him in *Bedlam* all the remainder of his life.

Item, I give to that little *David* of the Covenant that Champion of Presbytery Mr. *Zachary Croſton* an augmentation of an 100 *l. per annum*, as long St. *Peters Bonds abide*; and that through any diſcouragement or reſtraint he may not faint and fall away, I add a Noble a day for Caudles and Cordials, charging him to ſtand manfully for the cauſe, he being the cheif Standerd bearer, in which this Impreſs is written, *Tu Patronus, ſi Tu deſeris nos Perimus.*

Item, as next in order I give to Mr. *Jenkins* not out of reſpect to his love of the Covenant, for Satan that buffeted him knows how weak he is in that point, but for his ſeditious preachments, for his turbulency of Spirit, and reſtleſſeneſs againſt the Kings Government Five hundred pound; I know thats too much, for I deteſt a Recanter with all my Heart, and 'tis not according to our ſtrict Diſcipline to revoke a Tittle: but ſeeing how neer the brink Presbytery is brought, all things muſt be done to ſup[illegible] it, and therefore we muſt make uſe of *Renegad*[illegible] — Hang him he ſhall have it, but the Devil do him good with it if he recants again.

Item, Ile give Ten thouſand pound for erecting

a Seminary of ſuch Rogues in *Eutopia*, for I cannot perſwade my ſelf there will Ever be the like in any of theſe three Kingdom s.

Item, not to forget Dr. *Wilkinſon*, I give him Twenty ſhillings to mend the Bellows of his Mouth and Noſe, againſt the next opportunity of blowing up the flames of a Civil War; and for his Subdeanary of *Chriſt-Church Oxen*, a Fart.

Item, to Mr. *Poole* with the red Head (I like him the better for that) I give Three hundrad mark to buy him ſome Manners, and Five hundred mark to buy him more Wit, elſe Presbytery will ſoon loſe a prating nonſenſical *Cacafuego*, and his Pariſh a troubleſome Tythmonger.

Item, To all thoſe old Presbyterian Serpents that have ſlipt their skins, and are winding themſelves into favour, in the *A la mode Caſſock*, and in a ſubmiſſe compliance lick the duſt of the Biſhops foot, and yet keep their Venome within their teeth, I bequeath to each a *Scotch* Thirteen pence half-peny for the uſe of Squire *Dun*, who ſhall ſhew them ſlip for ſlip.

Item, I give Four hundred pound for the building of an Alms-Houſe for the entertaining of all Antiquated Exauthorated Elders, who cannot ſufficiently or quietly live in their own Pariſhes.

Item, I give one One thouſand Mark for the building of an Hoſpital or Peſt Houſe, for all ſuch as are or ſhall be infected with the *Scotch* Plague, that is ſuch as want Cloaths, Money and Friends.

Item, To the ſeveral Sects of *Anabaptiſts*, *Fifth Monarchy men*, *Quakers*, &c. I give reſpectively Ten Groats

Groats to redeem their Meeting-Houſes; in condition they do not jeer that Covenant in which they voluntarily perjured themſelves.

Item, All my Offices and Preferments whatſoever, I give freely to thoſe who are diſabled to bear any in *England*.

Item, For perpetual memory of Presbytery, I give a Hundred pound for the caſting the figure of the dog in Braſs that lay with the Elders Maid; to be placed where the laſt *Provincial Claſſis* was held in *London*, as a desk for the Directory.

Item, To any that can, or ſhall prove Presbytery to be *jure Divino*, Ile give him Three Kingdomes; for then they will not be worth the Having, and the Devils proffer, and my Legacy, will be all one.

Item, I give to the Wife of *Oliver Cromwell*, for his keeping the Covenant in the right ſenſe by murdering the King, a Groat a day.

Item, I give to the late Secretary *Thurloe*, my debt due to me from his Maſter and the *Rump* for moneys expended by me for their uſe in *Scotland*, which was to be repayed me out of the Commiſſion for *Diſcoveries*, when I was laſt in *London*, by *Olivers* Direction. I underſtand, and I thank him he hath made ſo large a progreſs in *diſcovering*, that he can pay it now to himſelf——The De'l was in me to ſuffer ſuch a pittiful fellow to whiddle before me.

Item, I give my Debentures to Captain *George Withers* Eſq; to purchaſe more Biſhops Lands in lieu of thoſe he ſacrilegiouſly kept before: & that he may never ceaſe ſcribling of Rhymes, Ile not leave him a farthing.

Item,

Item, I give to the Independant Gathered Churches under the cure and teachings of *Cockain*, *Brooks*, &c. all the ill qualities of our gasping Kirk, that by the impudence and deceit of their Pastors, their ruine also may be expedited.

Item, I give to the Clerk of Mr. *Calamies* Church a Ring to wear for my sake, for his great Superlative zeal yet manifested to the Covenant.

Item, To all the Sons and Daughters of Presbytery, who now mourn and lament, I give a Medal (with my squint Eyes in it leering after other times, and a better day) to dry up their tears.

All these Legacies and Bequests, I will and order my Executors to perform and pay the morrow of the next Puritan Reformation in *England*, or at St. *Tibs Eve* at farthest, without any Covin or delay.

As for mine own Country, Relations, and Friends; I do also dispose of my Estate to them, as followeth.

I will therefore first that the whole *Scotch* Nation be put into mourning in remembrance of those ruines, dishonour, conquest, and slavery, which my Covenanting covetous designes have brought upon it; though I would not have my Brethren of the Presbytery lay that so much to heart, as that they are like to do so no more.

As to my Sept so famous heretofore in this Kingdome, as I never did them good in my life so they cannot expect otherwise at my Death, they have a *Scotch* Priviledge now to beg or steal where they please, without any frustraneous dependance or expectance on my greatness; if my name will do them any ser-

vice

vice they may make use of it and sterne, *since they are I fear rejected of God and Man.*

Item, To my dear Lady I give and bequeath her full and entire Joynture, which was setleed firm enough by Law before thanking her for all the kindness and benevolence I had from her, when my keeper was out of the way.

Item, To my hopeful Son the Lord *Lorne* I give the inheritance of my qualities, leaving him an equal portion and share of Estate and Honour; the first I forfeited from him, and the last he never had from me, nor is like to be capable of, since he must continue and preserve my hated nature: I give him my unnecessary blessing, as it is prescribed in that most exact form in the Directory.

Item, To the rest of my Sons and Daughters, since I cannot be too indulgent a Father, I advise them for their great Consolation to read the *Spanish* Curate, and take what portions they please.

Item, To all my Servants and Retainers, who I doubt not have learnt from me their Master to carve for themselves without bidding; all they can cheat and purloyne from mine Estate as well as from others, besides my pronsim of Oat-meale for their lives, and Hemp for their Deaths.

Item, To my Vassals of my Seignory, I give their long desired Freedome.

Item, To the Poor of my Parish, for every Curse they give me, the sum of 000.

And I do make and ordain my loving and intimate friends, *Archibald Johnson*, Lard *Wareston*, and *William Dundasse*,

Dundaſſe, ſometime Governour of *Edinborough* Caſtle Executors of this my laſt Will, to whom I freely give all the reſt and reſidue of my whole Eſtate not hereby diſpoſed, requeſting them by all the obligations of Conſcience and Honeſty, to compeere ſuddenly in this Kingdome, and take upon them the Execution of the Premiſſes, no way doubting or miſtruſting but that they ſhall be well rewarded.

All this I ratifie and confirm by the myſteries of the ſtool of Repentance, on which I devoutly ſet my breech, and having done ſealed it with a ——

And I do hereby revoke all former Wills by me made, as not being framed according to that Holy Pattern of the Covenant, from which under Damnation no man may recede a Tittle; and which I will further to be cut in braſſe and laid upon my Tombſtone

Subſcribed ARGUILE.

Done in the preſence of

Sir JOHN CHERSLY.

DAVID LESLEY.

THE CHARACTER OF *The late* MARQUES *of* ARGUILE.

SO many remarkable accidents, such alterations of Government, Affairs of such moment and intrigues of State, do fall in with this Marquesses memoires, that it will rather seem a History then a Character to speak him out. His Birth rendred him very Noble, and his Education proffered him the advantage of making it Nobler, though for that he was beholding to the first Tempest of the Times, being by his late Majesty to oblige him from the Rebellion then on foot, created a Marques. He was of Stature something exceeding the mean, like his own Country-men the *Highlanders*, with a biggness proportionable to it, his Face somewhat long, his Cheeks wide, the haire of his Beard red, his Eyes very much a squint, so that he was Nick-

Nicknamed in *Scotland Gleed Arguile*, which remembers me of that Proverb —— *Quem Deus in oculo notavit hunc caveto.* There will no more need to be ſaid of his perſon, which the Hands of the Executioner have ſo lately profaned; nor was there any thing in him that was good ſo remarkable, as to invite you to be curious, and it will be beſt for him that he ſleep forgotten, leſt the remarques of his face ſhould fright fanciſull people like a *ſpectrum*. He was one of that wicked Triumvirate, who began continued and lived to the End of our Troubles. A moſt Dexterous Artiſt in that prime quality of a *Scot*, Diſſimulation, which was the ground work of all the Exploits he did after. If ever he ſeemed what he was (though that be not to be over-believed) 'twas in the matter of the Covenant, which he entred into ſo eager and reſolutely, and left it and the world together ſo confidently and avowedly; and yet the middle agreed with neither, when in the Criſis of the ſincerity, Honeſty, and Loyalty of that Libel which it ſo highly boaſted of, as to the maintenance of the Kings Perſon Dignity and Authority; by this Marqueſſes Counſel, his late Majeſty was delivered into the Hands of the *Engliſh* at *Newcaſtle*. But it is moſt Evident, that the right ſpelling of Covenant is Covetouſneſs, and according to that he very well kept it, having ſhared a good part of that 200000 *l.* given the *Scotch* Army for their departure. He was as verſatile as a Dy, and like that ſometimes, was plaid alwayes with very lucky hands (as thoſe times were) and was every way as ſquare, ſtood firm on his own

intereſt, and could oppoſe a broad-ſide to every emergency of fortune (then adored by the name of *Providence*) He was in with all the ſeveral Uſurpers, and that not by a ſervile ſubjection, but as a Petty Princes intereſt, that could help them as well by informing and diſcovering as ſupplies and ſtores, though the latter to *Cromwell* was a mere *Bragadocio*, and beyond the High mightineſs of his *Highland* Soveraignty, where his baſeneſs had loſt him all reſpect and obedience. Certainly he was the *Proteus* of the Age, and had not the ſudden ſurpriſal of our moſt happy reſolution ſeized him ſupinely careleſs and at a great diſtance, (though he hurried up to *London* to wait on His Majeſty) and then bound him faſt, that he could have no liberty to aſſume any other ſhape then what he was then found in (being denied acceſſe or audience at Court) he might have been a riddle ſtill, whereas now Death hath reſolved Him. All that ever he did handſomely was then, and yet that too was but a meer diſguiſe, ſince ſo diſſonant to the whole courſe of his life, a meer imitation, though ſo well perſonated that we may well let it paſſe for a bravery, and allow it to him as he was a Gentleman. He was a great Fomenter of war, yet cared not at all to endanger himſelf, like the Monkey that took the Cats foot to pull the Cheſnut out of the fire, nor was he much to be blamed, having been by the Marqueſs of *Montroſſe* ſo often put to ſhift (and that narrowly too) for his life: what he wanted of the generoſity of a Warrier, he ſupplied with the malice of a Witch, being the moſt implacable revengeful Enemy, Loyalty

ty ever met with in *Scotland*. Learned he was, and that not as a Gentleman enough to set off and poliſh but to accompliſh him; and a moſt exellent way of ſpeech he had (if it be poſſible any thing can ſound handſome in *Scotch*) very fluent and Rhetorical. His Speeches at his Tryal (which were ſaid to have been ſpoken *ex tempore*, becauſe they would not allow him his delays, but compelled him to preſent anſwer) are very grave and ſententious, yet polite and very cunning. He was a deep Lawyer and was formerly Lord Cheif Juſtice, I think not much taxed for bribery (for I take all their Lands, Eſtates, and whatever *Scotland* is worth not to be worth a Suite, much leſſe the overplus of a Greazing) yet all this while a bad nature predominated, like ſtinking Oyle upon generous Wine; his potentiality to vertue never exerted it ſelf, while his vices were moſt notorious and boyant. It is a truth undenyable that he died unpitied of all men, and the reaſon was this, the univerſality and complication of his vices could miſs no mans eyes, and for one fault or other ſo many ſingle obſervations hit him, as drew a general *Odium* upon him; Excepting onely the Presbyterian Clergy, who alwayes had a particular reſpect for him, not from any other inducement but the neceſſity of dependance, the Kirk rides while the Lords hold the reines, and keep that people under the Tyranny of that worſe then *Turkiſh* Government. He was the firſt Promoter of the Diſcipline, and that with an Earneſtneſs extraordinary, wherein no doubt he ſerved himſelf principally, and the large demeaſnes

he

he died poſſeſt of, will evidence, what religion he was of, and how beneficial a thing *Reformation* is to the firſt Projectors. He was at *feud* with all his Superiours in *Scotland* as well as his Peers; of four Marqueſſes he procured the execution of three; *viz.* *Hamilton*, *Huntley*, *Montroſſe*; the other, *Douglaſſe*, through his his impotency and infirmity eſcaped him, ſo that he was Lord *Paramount* there No doubt his abilities prompted him to cope with the greatneſs and Authority of thoſe Noblemen, whoſe great and Honourable Families would ſoon have ſmothered and ſuppreſſed an ordinary Envy, while his burned and flamed at their Grave. He was a profound Politician of a fine Mercurial ſpirit, of whom it may be ſaid diſ-junctively, what his late Majeſty ſaid of the Earl of *Strafford*. He was ſuch a Miniſter of State, that he might well be aſhamed of himſelf; and his Prince as rightly fear him. There was nothing wanting in him but Loyalty and Honeſty, two ſuch diſpenſable things with Presbytery, that they could hardly be afforded roome in their Morals for one whole age together; but it had been direct Blaſpemy to blend and incorporate them into their religion, however, for ſpecious pretence ſake they crept into the Covenant He was a moſt indefatigable carrier on of his Deſignes, and that with very great expedition, though his motions were eccentrick, but all turbulent, and violent efforts are uſually very ſudden: He thrice repaired, and recruited his broken Forces by the Marqueſs of *Montroſſe*, before there could be any thought of an Enemy from him. He was never diſcouraged with

with any diſappointment, but he would ſet the Kirk to thunder out *Anathema's*, and himſelf made Proſcriptions and levies together, fight with the Pen and the Sword at one and the ſame time: but his Eſcripts were not *Julius Cæſars* Commentaries, but *C. Marius* his publications and Sentencings, betwixt whom there is in many things a neer Parallel.

To take a neerer view of him and put him altogether, he was abſolutely Maſter of all the Arts of State; it were no injury to him to ſay it was his religion, ſince the great ſucceſſes of rebellion led him to a firm beleif that there was nothing but what was manageable by, and feaſible to Policy. But he ſo mixt them both in his affairs that it was not eaſily diſcernable to which he owed moſt; by the firſt he ſecured his Intereſt, and had not the exceſſes of the *Engliſh* uſurpation out-run him, probably advanced his deſignes to that which *Hamilton* was ſuſpected of; by the other he procured an awe and reverence to himſelf, being vogued up by the Clergy, and rendred to the Vulgar as a Pattern of Piety and zealous promoter of Godlineſs, till ſuch time as the vizor of the ſpecious Reformation was laid aſide, and bold fac'd Intereſt outſtared the impudency of the Kirk, and made them veile to, and worſhip the Devil they had raiſed.

In a word he was the right *Antitheſis* to that Glorious Marques of *Montroſſe*, ſo that whoever read or hath heard of his Excellencies, may by oppoſition know the vileneſs of this. Such is the order of the world, though there be no ſtanding *mean*, yet that the

Extremes

Extremes ſhould ballance one another: otherwiſe it had been a moſt hard fate for *Scotland* (who can impute her diſhonour and total Conqueſt to name originally but *Arguile*) to have produced no Renowned Perſon his Contemporary, ſuch as was *Montroſſe*, whoſe Glories and Fame may fill up his Chaſmes in their Hiſtory.

FINIS.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mr. Guthrey & Mr. Giffan.

Guthrey. BRother the Time is Come that we muſt glorify Presbytery in, and therefore I would have you to cloath your ſelf with reſolution like as in a plad, that our Ends may be like Heroick to the righteous Royaliſts, whom we ſent before us in this way.

Giffan. I doubt we are not ſo well appointed, but ſure we that durſt do any thing, may dare to die, and therefore, good Father Confeſſor, give me your bleſſing that I may be armed with all the Kirk Ammunition and ſtore neceſſary for this Expedition.

Gut. I am to ſeek my ſelf, the perplexities of my cauſe, and the treachery of a revolting party have begot the ſtaggers; but I will muſter up and ſummon all the confidence of my life paſt to bear up with at my *Exit.*

Giff. My crimes are complicated and of a larger Extent then yours, and yet I doubt not but by the dram of the bottle and your good Example, to face it out rarely.

Gut. Well said, for who would pule, and sneak now; that ought to have been done before, when some favour might have been expected from it. The Kirk will Canonize us.

Giff. Besides what Presbyterian is he that would desire life longer then he may have his will? we should die of the sullens, if we were not offered this brave advantage; but you must tell me what I must say, when I come to it, in honour of the Cause, and by what Epithete I shall stile it.

Gut. Our Case is novel, and there was never any thing said before by any in our Condition upon this subject, save what was lately held forth by *Arguile*, most cunningly: now it is not requisite for you and me to be so modest or mealy mouthed, but we will bounce up the Covenant.

Giff. Sir I am pretty well armed already, but if you teach me not now, when you have had so much time to digest it into a method, I shall shame you, and that will be little for your credit.

Gut. Presbytery in a method! I tell you you must rave at randome, never speak any thing appositely but what is direct treason, that you may be plainly understood, tis for our Brethren of *England* who yet are troubled with *little* learning and *great* benefices, to speak indifferently.

Giff. Sir I say still tell me the form, Ile be hang'd in the Presbyterian way.

Gut.

Gut. Ile aſſure you thats the comfortableſt, and I have ſtudied for it; as you live a rogue ſo you die a rogue, or contrarywiſe, and the Hangman himſelf ſhall not dare to quarrel with you; O the fear and terrour of Excommunication!

Giff. Sir pray do not ſpare it, thunder it out, damn the whole Town, leave nothing within a mile of a tree out of the Devils reach, 'tis as ſoon done by the Kirk as by a Witch.

Gu. That will not advantage me or you, there's a conſecrated place in the Market within the lines of Communication where we muſt expire, and Ile trouble the Devil no longer, I wont go a foot further, here we began and here we will end.

Giff. O *Edinborough!* O *Glaſcow!* and all the renowned places of our Principal Aſſemblies, thither ſhall the Preciſe ones go a Pilgrimage yearly, and devoutly worſhip.

Gu. Well leave that to time, I ſhall now briefly inſtruct you what you are to do in this your laſt Act.

Gif. I aſſure you I will not vary one *Jota*, I know you have the infallibility of the Kirk.

Gut. Well then, firſt you muſt look as grim, and ſowre as Varges, ſpeak not a pleaſing word to any of the Officers about you; when you have thus compoſed your ſelf, then you muſt with ſome vehement indignation declare and declaime againſt the licentiouſneſs and looſe living of the Times, where you muſt by no meanes take any notice of the Kings reſtauration, and his return to his Kingdoms and Government, unleſs a thing offer it ſelf, wherein you

may have an occaſion to reflect an imputation upon him, there you may gird a little, but be ſure you laugh but at one ſide of your mouth, elſe you ſpoil all.

Gif. I think there's no neceſſity of laughter on any ſide, but I am ſure there will be grinning on both; but I ſhall never know how to bring a ſtory in ſo artificially.

Gut. If you know but any Common places of raillery, Envy, Calumnations, lies, forgeries or other, ſtick not to lay them on ſoundly, you know the Presbyterian rule--*Calumniare fortiter, aliquid hærebit* with ſuch loud reproachful Accuſations the Puritans firſt began their deſignes againſt Church and State.

Gif. Well Sir proceed.

Guthrey. Then you muſt ſet forth the Excellency of our Way, by ſhewing what a bleſſed change was wrought upon the people of the Nation ſince the Covenant was taken, and what ſignal tokens there were of approbation of it.

Giffan. You do not reckon this for one ſure, do you?

Gut. O yes, thats the cream of the jeſt, you muſt own this as the greateſt indulgence of Providence in the world, it being an Evident proof of the grouth of Presbytery; now it comes to be watered by the blood of its Martyrs; 'twas before a dry Plant, and cannot reckon one drop ſpilt before on it.

Gif. Would it had been planted in *Affrica*, where better vegetables grow without aid of any moiſture: Sir, I am ſure mine will do it no good, it is not ſound and wholeſome, there are the *Faces* of other Opi-

nions

nions in it, which will rather infect then propagate.

Gut. You must understand our Modern Synods make no distinction betwixt the Cause and the Person in Martyrdome for Presbytery, if the Covenant be objected against you in observing any the least scruple thereof, either by sacriledge, Rebellion, or other ways —— I can assure you, you die their Martyr.

Gif. It is all one to me, I am not so curious, nor am I solicitous of that Honour; nor yet would I die like *Hugh Peters*.

Gu. No he was manifestly and apparently besotted, or else so frighted with Horrours and despairs within, that his after doom was begun before Execution here.

Gif. Sir, I must clap in a word, I do not see our case to be much different from his, and I begin to coole, my Heart blood flutters and quakes, pray tell me what distinction the Modern Synods have made in this case.

Gu. I see you are carnal and consult with Flesh and Blood, I spoke those last words of him, as an Independent, one whom the Kirk had cast off and rejected, alass! we have delivered them to Satan ever since our Project failed in *England*; they are no more to us then *Portugal* to the Papacy of *Rome*, or a Protestant to a Papist.

Gif. They say they are of a nearer relation to you, your younger Brothers and the wiser too.

Gu. I confess they did follow our pattern a long time, but it was with a designe to spoil our copy, and they supplanted us by the same artifice we used, a

greater

greater seeming austerity of life and conversation; now I must deal ingenuously, what ever they did else was conformable enough to what we hold forth, but rivals and competitors were not endurable.

Gif. In short, I think you were all one, for I can guess shrewdly by my self; after I had once taken the Covenant, (like a man who looks for no directions in the midst of the mire) I cared not what I undertook, through thick or thin. To swear for nothing was the next Employment to a Knight of the Post. I supposed we did not stretch forth our hands in vain; so like other folks, I laid my clutches on what ever I met; and to you my Confessor may I tell, I *stretcht* out my hand (by my consent and approbation, for you must know I aim'd at preferment) against my lawful Soveraign.

Gu. Did you cut off his head, or were you personally present on the Scaffold when it was done?

Gif. No I was not, an advantage lay in my way, and my tongue tript over it, and so I gave out that I was a cheif instrument in that business.

Gu. Push! all your scruples are not worth a Schoolboys resolution; first you are frighted with the President of *Hugh Peters*, one whose Codpeice had wasted his Head-peice; and the thoughts of a Butcher and his Wife running in his mind just before the cleaver and fagots, may allow him a little despondency: but for the other, the bringing the King to the block, thats the most impertinent case of conscience I ever heard of, for it is as Commonly imputed to us Covenanters, as our tautologies and wild ex-

ſxcurſions, bold and frivolous expreſſions in our Prayers and Sermons have been, and as juſtly. Comfort thy ſelf Dear Brother, I tell you as long as you were not the Executioner, *in oculis Diaboli*, you did nothing. I preacht that Doctrine in effect ſome years before it was perpetrated, I thank God my *Presbyterian Conſcience* had never the leaſt Compunction in the world for it. I have got into ſuch a traine of it, that if it had not been for that Anti-chriſtian Faſhion of Arch-biſhop *Laud* to make a Sermon at my death. I would have preacht a Sermon on that Subject. However now I'le do little leſs.

Gif. Now your Conſolations reach me, pray go on.

Gu. For the reſt I refer you to our Remonſtrances; I profeſs I wonder they do not hang them about my neck: Our Exquiſite malice ſerv'd *Montroſſe* ſo, we took all his Declarations and papers, and faſtned them like a band to the collar, his halter.

Gif. If they put the Covenant to your Remonſtrances twere but due Juſtice, but the law and ſober men (it ſeems) ſcorne ſuch impotent and pitiful revenges.

Gu. I profeſs I ſhould glory in them, as confidently as he did in his, nobly. I triumpht in the undeſerv'd Fate of that Man, and my exaſperating language when thoſe loyal ſouls were ſacrificed to our luſts, hath begot in me a relentleſs heart to mine own, much more (Dear Brother) your Condition.

Gif. Can you not weep Crocodile for your ſelf?

Gu. No, no, you ſhall ſee me obſerve all theſe things I have directed you in, to a punctilio, without the leaſt approaches to Humanity.

Gif.

Gif. Do you mean you will be uncivil, or that you reſolve to die *Roman* like?

Gu. Ile do both, you ſhall hear me defie the King and all his Parliaments, Armies, and what ever comes within a Royal, *Etc.*

Gif. Gods bread Sir, you'l e'ne ſay enough for us beeth, would your reverence might hang for us beeth, I's never ſpeak a word more againſt my Prince.

Gu. Too late to repent Brother, do you not remember of whom it was ſaid by Emphatical interrogation, Did not —— die like a fool?

Gif. What do you deduce and infer out of this Scripture.

Gu. That it is better to die like a Knave, and but that my time is ſhort I would inſiſt upon Reaſons thereof, wherefore I will conclude with the Application onely.

My Dearly beloved Brethren of the Covenant, ſtand faſt in the perſwaſion to which you have ſold your ſelves, body and ſoul; and if there be any *Jenkinites* among you, that can turn as often as a *Shrove Tueſday* Pancake (my ill boding ſpirit foretels me of a great Apoſtacy) have no converſation with them, but continue ſtedfaſt, that ſo the bleſſings of your *Scotch* Parents may be upon you and yours henceforth and for Ever.

THE

THE RECANTATION OF Mr. *PATRICK GILLESPY*, &c.

WHereas I *Patrick Gilleſpy*, Presbyter, being convened before the High Court of Parliament and the Lord Commiſſioner his Grace, and there charged in due proceſs with ſeveral Treaſonable and ſeditious ſpeeches and papers againſt his Majeſties Perſon, Family, Authority, and Government, of which I ought juſtly to ſtand convict, the ſaid crimes being manifeſtly found releivant againſt me; yet through the undeſerved clemency of my Judges having obtained leave to conſider and conſult with my ſelf, they deſiring if by any means poſſible to reclaim or diſpoſſeſs a Presbyterian ſpirit; do in ſatisfaction to their Lordſhips, and out of a preſſing fear of Death enſuing, moſt humbly recant and retract (ſaving to my ſelf alwayes a power if occaſion ſerve to deny them again) theſe following Errours, and dangerous Tenets.

Firſt, Whereas I have Dogmatically and avowed-

ly taught that Princes if they will not be ruled tby he Kirk, and in all things conform themſelves to their dictates, as being his Supream, and a power ordained over him, might by the ſaid Holy Kirk be bound and manacled, or more plainly, impriſoned and depoſed, and finally put to death. I do now truely and unfeignedly relinquiſh that fond Opinion, begot in me by the Exceſs of our Lordly Domination over his preſent Majeſty, (as alſo the neceſſitated condition of his glorious Father) when with us in *Scotland* 1650, my eyes through the multiplied terrours of Death, ſeeing as through a glaſs the manifold danger of that Principle: the rather for that the gude people of *Scotland* will daunce no longer after our pipe, when we thought the *Circean* incantations and charms of our Kirk had transformed and alienated them into Everlaſting rebellion. I do therefore heartily and reſolvedly abjure that Doctrine, which I know will never be believed again in *Scotland*, under the danger of being next inſlaved, whereas they ſcape for this time, by being but conquered. And this I do informed by reaſon of State, not complying altogether with it in my Conſcience.

Secondly, whereas I have often declared in the Pulpit, that God had rejected his preſent Majeſty, together with his Family; for not owning the Hand of Providence againſt him, but perſiſting in the ſteps of his Anceſtors, who were Enemies to Reformation: I do freely confeſſe from my heart, that I never thought of his reſtauration by any viſible means abroad; and it was ſo farre from the intendments of this

this Kirk, either to advance or defend him, that we would have made an Eafier bargain of him then of his Father, had a Chapman offered in time: and (as learned *Coke*, I mean the High Court of Juſtice Solicitor ſaid in the very ſame caſe, for his life alſo) ſince it was *crimen Avaritiæ non malitiæ*, covetouſneſs not cruelty, I pray your Lordſhips do not put a greedy Presbyter to repent of that. And yet I will make bold a little further with your patience, while I repeat in an humble and ſubmiſſe reverence, what Mr. *Jenkins* a great Rabby of our way in *England*, effectually and advantagiouſly ſaid for himſelf in a moſt curious Petition to the Rump of the Commonwealth of *England*, in the ſame words *Mutatis mutandis*, about Mr. *Loves* buſineſs.

I ſhall omit the Title as no way ſerving my deſign, having declared already the Powers to whom it was addreſt.

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner being deeply ſenſible of your high diſpleaſure into which by ſome late actings he is unawares fallen, hath made a greater reſearch after the mind of God in theſe late diſpenſations of his Providence in the great Turns and Changes of State in this Commonwealth, and is therein wholly convinced, that all Powers are of God, and that he doth diſpoſe of them according to his own good will and pleaſure, that he is alſo ſatisfied and convinced, that no perſon may preſume under Damnation to reſiſt or withſtand the ſaid powers.

And whereas your Petitioner, by several failures of obedience to this Authority p'aced over him by God, is become obnoxious to your Justice, and that accordingly he is to be tryed for the same, and unlesse your mercy mediate, and prevent the Sentence, is like to suffer the severity of your just indignation.

Your Petitioner in all humility prostrates himself before you, beseeching you favourably to remit his offences, he engaging to live in all due obedience to your Government, and to pray for the prosperity and continuance thereof

Signed W. Jenkins.

This so well succeeded, that upon the return of those rotten members by *Lamberts* resurrection to their place, and possession of the power again, he was the onely man thought fit to preach the congratulatory Sermon, which he did very gravely and heartily, thankfully remembring their bringing him from life to Death, to see a like miracle for them in that their happy day: And why may not I, my Lord, be such an Honest godly Convert, if you please to try me but this once.

Thirdly, whereas it is objected and proved against me, that neither during the Time his Majesty was in *Scotland*, nor since, I did ever so much as mention his Majesty, (unlesse with bitter taunts and reflections) in my Prayers, nay, have wholly discontinued praying for him after his defeat at *Worcester*, besides my discontented preachments, since his return to his Kingdoms,

doms; I do freely acknowledge, that what I did was by the major vote of my fellow Remonſtrants, and in obedience to the uſurping *Engliſh*, whom in all Kirk policy and reaſon, and the general practiſe of our Brethren in *England* (ever ſince 1642 when the warre began, where they prayed for the King as Gameſters for ill Dice, with *Curſe ye Meroz*,) we were forced to comply with, even in our private devotions; ſo fear'd we were that any body, nay God Almighty himſelf ſhould hear us to ſpeak for the King. I muſt indeed herein acknowledge my weakneſs, for I cannot but confeſſe, that if we did not then excommunicate him 'twas becauſe we thought the *Engliſh* Sectaries would not thank us, who were able enough to ſhut him out of this Kingdome without our Keyes. As for my malapertneſſe ſince his reſtitution, I humbly pray your Lordſhip to conſider, how many inveterate diſeaſes are grown upon Presbytery in its declining age; Crazineſſe and Teſtineſſe are inſeparable companions of it now, as madneſſe, raſhneſſe and hot zeal gave life and being to't. But if your Lordſhips ſuſpect me incurable, deal with me as favourably as the *Engliſh* have done to *Philip Nye*, and I will learn and endeavour to frame my mouth (with him) to the thankſgivings of ſecret murmurs, whiſpers, obloquies and reproaches againſt the State and Kingdome.

Item, whereas I ſtand charged with procuring and inciting the Parliament of this Kingdome, then ſitting at *Edinborough*, to take away the lives of the Marqueſſe *Montroſſe*, and thoſe other Gentlemen then priſoners with him; and that I did diſpitefully,

and

and maliciously traduce the memories of those Persons after their death. As I cannot deny it, so I will not nor cannot make any defence to it: if your Lordships be pleased to consider the Kirk, whose motto from *Tomyris* was *Satia te sanguine*, and whose inexpletible cruelties have murdered more in one age, then all the Tyrannies in the Christian world have done in Twenty; you will find my particular case, like to one in a Contagion, I did that in the height of the infection; for then the Tokens were on us, and we came to present destruction. A general malignancy and fury seized us, and we kill'd and slew those persons in our rage, whose courage, conduct and Loyalty might haved the Kingdome. My Lords, you have *Confitentem reum* to this Particular. And so I say no more to it.

To all the rest of the charge exhibited against me, as refractorinesse, rebellion, the businesse of the Remonstrance, *&c.* I appear before your Lordships with a clear and cleansed stomach to confesse them, I have vomited up the Covenant, and have purged out the Remonstrance; I am swept clean, and if your mercy enter not speedily, the seven deadly Devils of Presbytery will soon return, and I shall be worse then I was at first. Therefore I say make sure of me, lest like my Brother *Crofton*, I say one thing to night by way of submission, and the next morning boggle at it again, like an old Womans arse at no Certainty. Just, just now I am in the humour, if you let this cold fit go off me, and remove the Death-Head, I shall unsay all again, and then the *London* Elders will boast wonder-

wonderfully, and ſome other fools will plague you with my Example here, as well as ſome there, therefore be ſure you record it, that there may be no exception againſt the verity of it, when ever I may have the opportunity of reneging.

Signed and Delivered to be kept as a Monument of the Courage of Sir John Presbyter.

Patrick Gilleſpy.

THE

The POSTSCRIPT.

PRay be pleased to communicate these sad Dispensations upon this our late Flourishing Kirk to the morning Lecture; we are utterly divided here, such skipping and leaping from Principles, such a variation and contrariety to the received Discipline, that a Hopping diversisoloured Jack Daw *may be a fitter Embleme for the Covenant then a* Phœnix. *You are never like to have any other newes out of* Scotland, *and so gude Brethren set your hearts at rest and be quiet.* Farewell.

FINIS.